

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*December 1932* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE

*It was Christmas Eve, and the two of them were going to the village to buy a gift for their mother (see page 83)*

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The December News in the School

### International Poster Contest Awards

THE League of Red Cross Societies has just announced the awards in the international Junior Red Cross poster contest of last year. The first prize in the younger class was won by Phoebe Jane Albert, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The second prize in the older class was won by Eleanor Eastin, Berkeley, California. The whole story of the contest and its outcome will be told in the January JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"Front Cover," "More Cizek Pictures" (editorial)

#### Civics:

"Don't Let that Left Hand Know," "Busy Days for Juniors"

"Ross, Enemy to Malaria," "In This, O Nature Yield." Another poem by Sir Ronald Ross, "The Reply," included in *Twentieth Century Poets* by Drinkwater, Canby and Benét, sings the song of the searcher's ultimate victory. The first two stanzas are:

"This day relenting God  
Hath placed within my hand  
A wondrous thing; and God  
Be praised. At his command  
"Seeking His secret deeds  
With tears and toiling breath,  
I find thy cunning seeds,  
O million-murdering Death."

#### English:

"Pop Spink and the Mice Have a Christmas" will not only prove a delight to children but will probably open the way for further study of Vachel Lindsay's poems. That lady in a robe and crown, throned at the top of the picture, is the Queen Bee—in case you failed to recognize her.

Vachel Lindsay, shortly before his death, gave his permission to the NEWS to quote the poem. Do you remember, in his *Adventures while Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (Macmillan, 1916), the "Tale of the Five Little Children Eating Mush?" Lindsay had tramped in to a roadside hotel long after dark and asked the keeper for lodging for the night. The man took him upstairs where his family were eating a belated supper. "His wife greeted me cheerfully in the Scandinavian accent. She was laughing at her five little children who were laughing at her and eating their mush and milk. . . .

"'Wife,' said the landlord, 'here is a man that will entertain us tonight for his keep, or work for us tomorrow. I think we will take the entertainment tonight. Go ahead, mister. Here are the kids. Now listen, kids.'"

"To come out of the fathomless, friendless dark and almost in an instant, to look into such expectant fairy faces!"

So he recited all the child pieces he had written—not many at that time—and the youngsters kept very still till he finished each, then pounded the table for more "with their tin spoons and their little red fists." Finally he was driven to reciting fairy tales written really for grown-ups. "These children, through the accumulated excitements of a day that I knew nothing about, were in an ecstatic imaginative condition of soul that transmuted everything. The last of the series recounted what Grandpa

Mouse said to the Little Mice on the Moon question. I arranged the ketchup bottle on the edge of the table for Grandpa Mouse. I used the salts and peppers for the little mice in circle round. I used a black hat or so for the swooping, mouse-eating owls that came down from the moon. Having acted out the story first, I recited it slowly." And then he went to bed and to sleep, only to be awakened "by those tireless little rascals racing along the dark hall and saying in horrible solemn tones, to scare one another—

"The moon's a holy owl-queen . . . etc.

"Thereupon I made a mighty and a rash resolve. I said within myself, 'I shall write one hundred Poems on the Moon.'"

#### Geography:

Alaska—"Kyak"

China—"The Hundred Forbearances"

England, India—"Ross, Enemy to Malaria"

France, Germany—"A Holiday Exchange"

Italy, Russia—"Letters from Italy"

Scandinavia—"Christmas Wreaths"

United States—"A Christmas Present from George Washington"

Other Countries—"Toys and Toy Makers," "Spending the Day"

#### Health:

"Ross, Enemy to Malaria," "Santa Joins the J. R. C."

#### History:

"A Christmas Present from George Washington"

### Christmas Book Review

NICODEMUS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan Company, New York. 1932. \$1.75.

Because several of the poems in Robinson's latest book are based upon New Testament narratives, the volume will make interesting Christmas reading. The title poem is significant because it interprets without distorting the original. The author's developed intuition in discerning character justly enables him to read into the condensed records that have come to us the human motives that make history: motives of caution, common sense, and wistful up-reaching. The resultant portrayal has a lasting interest. The characters might be men of affairs of almost any period discussing social problems.

However objective and extroverted Robinson's method is, he never degenerates into the cold analyst. His understanding, constrained but more than a little sad, saves his interpretations from hard irony. Perhaps in this quality there has been a measurable growth over the author's earliest poems, and perhaps that is why some of his reviewers, not yet themselves grown up to his maturity, consider the earlier poems more artistic. In the monologue of "Toussaint L'Ouverture," the Haitian rebel against Napoleonic tyranny, there is passionate protest against oppression. Here again understanding is deeper than shallow resentment—

(Continued on page 3)

# Developing Calendar Activities for December

## A Classroom Index of Activities

### Art:

*Cards for veterans to send home.* A report from Margaret McCarthy, Field Director of the Naval Hospital, at Chelsea, Massachusetts, made this comment on the cards sent by Juniors last Christmas:

"This year we distributed over 3000, and many of the envelopes bore the stamps for mailing. The men are eager to obtain these cards, and many a message of remembrance went to distant friends, which could not otherwise have been sent."

Her report continues with a very human view of the men:

"Sometimes people ask if, when so much is done for the patients as at Christmas, it does not spoil their capacity for appreciation. I remember little half-forgotten happenings seen and heard in the daily round which prove that life is not all self-seeking—the generous sharing of the last package of cigarettes, small, but, oh, how big to these men; the attention given to some less fortunate man in an effort to entertain him. One day three men walked to Boston on their leave day. They had each contributed from their small savings to buy an overcoat for a shipmate unexpectedly discharged and with a long journey ahead of him; and with Christmas just around the corner they had given so generously that they were walking to save carfare. Few gifts at Christmas, I venture to say, had more of the real spirit of giving."

### English:

*Letters for school correspondence.* The problem suggested in this month's topic is that of selecting the significant—the part that will mean most to foreign correspondents in entering into the spirit of Christmas in the United States. The Junior Red Cross letter for this topic would rightly tell of Christmas service activities. A feature in this month's NEWS, "Santa Joins the J. R. C.," shows how universally Junior members share their Christmas happiness with others.

### Handwork:

*Spool dolls and rubber flippy doodles.* Patterns for these toys are among the set recently prepared by National Headquarters, obtainable upon request.

*Apple Santas.* A description of this is given in the report of the St. Helen's Hall Juniors quoted below.

### General Science, Music:

*Bottle Chimes.* The way to make these was explained in a letter from the Lincoln School, Mt. Vernon, New York, to Vienna, Austria—

"When we started the bottle chimes, we had to use gingerale bottles. Then the teacher asked the children if they would go to the drug stores to see if they had some bottles. The stores did not have any. My mother said that my grandfather was manager of a store where bottles were made and sold. So I told the teacher and she said that she would like to have four sizes, making sixteen bottles. My mother telephoned my grandfather and asked him. He said that he would give the class the bottles.

"Each bottle was hung up with cord and tied to a wooden frame. We had to put a certain amount of water in each bottle to get the different notes. We got the whole scale and a few more notes.

"The teacher and I worked out some songs. I played

'To a Wild Rose' and 'Soldier Boy.' Another girl played 'My Pussy,' and a song she made up herself.

"We used sticks as hammers to make the bottles chime. We played the bottle chimes on Fathers' Night and also for assembly one morning and we enjoyed doing it."

### Social Service:

*Sharing Christmas Savings in friendship for the unemployed.* The Pacific Branch of the Junior Red Cross forwarded a report of the St. Helen's Hall Lower School, Portland, Oregon, with an interesting account of Christmas service made possible by sharing Christmas Savings.

"In the State of Oregon dependent children are not sent to institutions but are boarded in private homes which are willing to provide the kind of care and guidance recommended by the Commission. Often these homes are unable to give them the little extras which mean so much to children, so the Commission often secures the assistance of the local Red Cross Chapters and the Juniors.

"The St. Helen's Hall Juniors this year voluntarily sacrificed part of their own Christmas Savings in order to supply at least one gift for each of the children on the state list who are being boarded in Portland homes. In addition to the presents they contributed one hundred candy canes and made fifty apple Santas. These little figures had a bright red apple body and a marshmallow head. Jujubes formed the eyes and a belt of white cotton circled the waist (the middle of the apple) and the neck. The legs were made of toothpicks covered with cotton, and the genial little gentlemen were instantly recognizable in the traditional red and white costumes."

Not all States have the Oregon plan of finding homes for orphans. A report from Miss Maude Gibbs, County Superintendent of Schools and Junior Red Cross Chairman for Prince George's County, Maryland, tells how the Junior Red Cross played Santa Claus last year to the Mt. Olivet Orphanage:

"A letter, suggesting the proposition and definite plans for carrying it through successfully, was sent out by the Chapter Chairman. Each Junior Red Cross Club was assigned the name of a particular child at the orphanage for whom it was to pack the Christmas box. Each box for children of the same sex and age was to contain the same kind of gifts, and all gifts were to be new and purchased especially for the child assigned. For example, little girls from two to five years of age were to receive a doll, ball, blocks, warm cap, gloves, two or three pairs of hose, and a picture book, while boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age were to have a baseball, game, comb and mirror, nail file, three handkerchiefs, three pairs of hose and a book. The Clubs responded whole-heartedly to the suggestion. One group of little folks rushing to meet their Chairman announced with delight that their Club 'had gotten everything Julia wanted.' (Julia was the name of the child their Club had been assigned.)"

*Social service in other lands.* The example from Poland of inviting guests to dinner (quoted under "World-wide Service") finds its interesting counterpart in a report by Victoria Gillette, a Junior Red Cross member from Courtland, Virginia.

"As we have no definite lunchroom program in our school this year, we hope to begin the class mother system (as we call it) where two or three Juniors living in town will get their mothers to be the class mother of their grade. Thus the Juniors working through class mothers find suitable homes where lunch is furnished to underweights who are not able to bring nourishing lunches. Not only does the underweight gain nourishing food through this system, but he is furnished the atmosphere of real home life."



# Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

## Community Service

JUNIOR RED CROSS members in smaller schools can help in local service programs in their own schools.

They can beautify their own school and school grounds, can make curtains for windows, bring from home or transplant from nearby woods flowers for window-boxes, can make paths and fill muddy hollows with stones or cinders, can build up doorsteps to prevent drafts and make window boards to allow ventilation in winter, can make paper cups or put up shelves on which individual drinking glasses or cups and dishes for the noon lunch may be kept, can organize housekeeping and "building and ground" committees to keep things clean and orderly—the first element in beauty.

For broader community service, in relief of those suffering from depression, Junior members in rural or village schools are devising many ways to assist their schoolmates.

In some schools everyone who can do so brings one or two extra items for the lunch—sandwiches, cookies, apples, a glass of jelly or jam, vegetables for soups—and all are "pooled" in one big picnic lunch. Those whose lunches would lack some items of a balanced diet can share the general lunch without embarrassment.

In many rural communities, however, there is a surplus of food. Reports tell of whole truckloads of vegetables taken into nearby cities or towns, for distribution among the unemployed—the surplus that would go to waste if the Juniors did not salvage it for this important community service.

Even in the problem of clothing, rural Juniors may help by bringing outgrown clothes and spending rainy noon hours or recesses in reconditioning these. A school "store" at which all find garments they can use can be made a game for all rather than a source of humiliation for any. Still better, follow the suggestion given on Page 2, of the October TEACHER'S GUIDE and on the November CALENDAR page of exchanging garments with other schools.

There can be an exchange of materials between rural and town schools in the district or county—food distributed among the needy in town, for clothing distributed among the needy in the country. There should be no spirit of commercialism in such exchanges—no attempt to match in dollars the market values of the articles. Each partner is trying to help the other by contributing what he can for the general welfare, and both remain self-respecting because both are contributing.

There are the usual opportunities for gifts to community institutions: nuts, popcorn, popcorn balls, apples, other fruit gathered for county farms or nearby hospitals. Clever girls and boys can make funny manikins from some of the nuts, or make "apple Santas" as an original touch to the gift. In one school every pupil who could brought a few fresh eggs. These were put up in gayly decorated cartons and made a cheerful and valuable gift for the old people in a county home. For Christmas, the rural school may be able to cut one or two Christmas trees from nearby woods, or to gather Christmas greens for local institutions.

## National Service

Junior Red Cross members of rural schools may share in national service to veterans' hospitals.

They may be able to send boxes of nuts or apples or popcorn on the cob for certain holidays. If the veterans' hospital is near enough it may be possible to provide several large or medium-sized Christmas trees for the recreation or dining rooms, or some little trees that can be used by the bedside of patients who can not go to the dining room. Frequently the town Juniors will take care of shipping trees.

Intersectional correspondence is another phase of national service in which rural Juniors may have a very interesting part. Nature-study boxes, albums that illustrate the trees and flowers of the neighborhood, sketches

and letters describing the birds, letters about the community welfare problems and the way in which rural Juniors are helping to meet these, all make splendid topics. The nature-study collection and albums need not wait on spring and warm weather. An album illustrating different kinds of evergreens can be a fascinating piece of work. Letters and pictures of winter birds and animals are equally interesting and instructive. Letters about the winter sports, and also the winter work will be engrossing to youngsters in other parts of the country.

## International Service

International activities may be carried on without any great expense.

In the early fall when the Christmas box project is open, a rural school may wish to fill one carton. If a number of the schools in the county do this, the result is a respectable total.

Some of the most original international correspondence albums have come from rural schools. The subjects suggested above are appropriate for international as well as intersectional correspondence. The following letter of acknowledgment shows the interest that a rural school album may have for a city school. The Fairview School, South Africa, wrote to a school in Birmingham, Alabama, also, by coincidence named, the Fairview School.

"DEAR JUNIOR FRIENDS:

"We all thank you very much for the pretty books you so kindly sent us. It is very good of you to take such an interest in us. We all enjoy the picture book and the lovely poems. We do not wonder that there are so many verses about George Washington, for we, too, learned about him in our history lessons. We are also going to make a book to tell you all about the natives and life of South Africa, and hope to give you as much pleasure as you gave us.

"You will be pleased to know that the name of our school is also Fairview. But our school is out in the country, it is not in a town. We are only forty-eight pupils divided into eight standards. There are two teachers. The teachers come to school in a cart drawn by two horses. We children have to walk from two to four miles, but we do not mind. On our way we see shy Kaffir boys dressed in sheep skins.

"Spring is just beginning and the cape snowdrops are out. We had an earth tremor on the eighth of August at 3 a. m. lasting about one-half minute. It was felt over a large district of the Union.

"The inspector will soon visit our school and then we hope to pass into higher standards.

"With best wishes, we remain,

"YOUR FAITHFUL FRIENDS."

(Continued from page 1)

"... the few that have the word

Are mostly the wrong few in the wrong places,  
On thrones or chairs of state too high for them,  
Where they sit swollen or scared, or both. . . ."

It is these "senseless ways" of "mixing fear with power and hate" that work destruction to human happiness. As the end of life nears, the rebel knows that "there is nothing left that is worth hating." So "Ponce de Leon," the dying explorer exclaims,

"Surely my old eyes, which have seen more  
Than they will see again, or wish to see  
Of this torn world and its infirmities  
Should have some wisdom in them by this time  
And some forbearance. . . ."

Some poets refract their material to the point of distortion or reveal only one color of the complete ray. Robinson's genius is that of clarifying and giving to his readers a more whole conception than they had.

# Fitness for Service for December

## Personal Responsibility in Preventing Colds

1. **By Cleanliness.** Review the practices outlined in the October Fitness for Service page. Important points to remember are:

(a) Colds are spread by hands. Keep hands, pencils, or other school materials away from the mouth, nose, eyes and ears. Wash hands before eating.

(b) "Skin training appears to be the first hygienic step toward establishing a resistance to catching cold. Cool bathing to a point that produces a healthy reaction is an important feature of skin training. . . . Delicate individuals who can not react well to the cold bath can greatly increase their resistance by graduated cool bathing performed as follows: Standing in about a foot of hot water, one should rub the body briskly with a wash cloth wrung out of water at about 80° F. and reduced day by day until it is down to 50°." (Fisher & Fisk, *How to Live*, page 315.)

(c) Internal cleanliness is essential and should be made certain by proper diet and exercise.

## 2. By diet.

(a) "Over-eating frequently leads to nasal congestion. . . . Eat lightly, using little meat or other high protein foods, such as fish or white of eggs. Thoroughly masticate the food." (Fisher & Fisk, page 315.)

(b) Avoid malnutrition. See the November TEACHER'S GUIDE for essentials of a balanced diet. Foods rich in protective vitamins include milk; leafy green vegetables; tomatoes; juicy fruits, such as oranges, and cod liver oil.

3. **By rest and sleep.** Avoid fatigue by long hours of sleep at night and, if necessary, that is, in cases of undernourishment, by an extra rest period in the day.

## 4. By fresh air.

(a) Sleep and rest with windows open but with warm covering and protection from direct drafts.

(b) Play and exercise outdoors.

(c) Form habits of deep breathing. "Deep breaths taken slowly and rhythmically, say ten at a time and ten times a day, are helpful." (Fisher & Fisk, page 315.)

(d) Keep indoor air fresh. Sixty-eight to seventy degrees is generally accepted as the most healthful temperature; in rooms where people are moving about, sixty-five degrees is usually warm enough.

5. **By sensible clothing.** "Very heavy wraps and fur coats should be worn only during unusual exposure as in driving and motoring. Outer clothing should be adapted to the changes in the weather and medium weight underclothing worn throughout the winter season. Office workers and others employed indoors are, during the greater part of the day, living in a summer temperature. The wearing of heavy underclothing under such conditions is debilitating to the skin and impairs the resisting power." (Fisher & Fisk, page 316.)

6. **By correction of nasal obstructions.** If one is subject to frequent colds, the doctor and, if he advises, the dentist should be consulted about correction of oral or nasal defects.

7. **By staying away from crowds during epidemics of colds or other illnesses.**

## Community Responsibility

The responsibility for checking the spread of colds or other illnesses should rest chiefly upon the person who has the cold. Those who have colds should avoid spreading them by covering coughs and sneezes.

It is often better citizenship to keep one's sneezes and running nose at home. Economic pressure may force one to go to work, but no one is under compulsion to take his cold to a movie or a party. Children with colds should be discouraged from coming to school or playing with groups of other children.

Many dangerous, communicable diseases begin with sore throats and coughs. Carelessness may lead to a far more serious epidemic than "the common cold." But even a cold transmitted to an individual of weakened resistance may lead to consequences more serious for the one who is caught by the cold than for the one who lightly passed it along.

The matter of immunization against contagious diseases like diphtheria also becomes a matter of social as well as personal welfare.

## National and World Responsibility in Health

The National Children's Fund project of supplying quinine to combat malaria in Greece gives Junior Red Cross members a more vital interest in the story of Sir Ronald Ross in this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

## Prevention and Cure

The Red Cross health courses in First Aid and in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick develop many useful skills both in prevention and in simple cure. Schools that are interested in these courses should address inquiries to Branch or National Headquarters.

The National Safety Council, 1 Park Avenue, New York City, has material valuable in safety education. A quatrain by Arthur Guiterman in the *Boston Transcript* gives sound advice for all—

"My right of way is plain enough  
But still I'll wait a little—  
The car that's wrong is hard and tough;  
I'm right but, soft and brittle."

## A Useful Reference Revised

HOW TO LIVE, by Fisher & Fisk. Funk and Wagnalls. New York. 1932. \$2.00.

The quotations given freely on this page perhaps furnish the most convincing proof of the practical value of this long-time favorite by Professor Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk. Frequent revisions have kept the volume thoroughly in line with discoveries of science. Chapter topics include, air, food, poisons, (chiefly toxic poisons), activity (and rest), individual hygiene, (including mental), public hygiene, and supplementary discussion of weight regulation, exercise, shoes, alcohol, tobacco, colds, focal infection, mortality rates and life extension. The type is readable and there are some very practical illustrations of such things as the structure of the foot and the results upon foot structure of various types of shoes and good and poor posture.

# Trial by Storm

DAN BYSTRÖM

Illustrations by H. H. A. Burne

THE *Hamburg*, the German air company's biggest air liner, was ready to leave the airport outside New York to take several hundred passengers home to Germany for Christmas. Most of them were aboard and had found their cabins; some were already in the dining room where dinner was just being served.

Fritz was working hard. He was only fifteen years old but in his own opinion he held one of the most important positions aboard. He served in the dining room and as he had crossed the Atlantic several hundred times on this same airship he felt quite at home on it. He was well liked by officers, crew and passengers.

The engines started moving, the officers and crew rushed to their posts. The people on the landing waved a last farewell and the *Hamburg* was off, turning its back on the myriad lights of New York.

All the passengers were now in the dining room, the orchestra was playing and Fritz was having a busy time of it. The coast disappeared and nothing was to be seen but the waves rolling beneath the Zeppelin.

The captain was not quite happy. He received one wireless call after another and looked gloomier after each one. His first officer did not want to disturb him. He knew Captain Müller well, having sailed with him for many years, first on the sea, then during the Great War under the sea, and now in the air. Müller was perhaps a little hard and cold, but he knew what he wanted and had nerves of steel.

"This looks bad, Schultze," said the captain after a while. "If these people weren't so keen on going home for Christmas, I would much rather turn back. There is a center of atmospheric depression over Greenland. It is reported

to be moving south so it will be over us soon. That means a snowstorm or something of the sort. This is going to be a gay night! Don't forget to double the watch after midnight, but

don't disturb the passengers. I am going to get some rest now; telephone if there is any news."

The young people were dancing in the big hall. The other passengers were sitting about in the drawing-room and in the library. Some had put on overcoats and caps and gone out on one of the balconies. The sea looked dark green some hundred yards below; here and there one saw the lights from some ship crossing the ocean. The *Hamburg* proceeded calmly and steadily,

now and then throwing out the beam of its big searchlight.

The young people continued to dance, but the older ones began to retire to their cabins. In the drawing-room some were trying to get American and German stations on the radio. "They will never go to bed," Fritz mumbled to himself.

The captain's telephone rang: "The wind has doubled now and shows signs of getting still stronger. The temperature is falling. We are in a fog and are trying to rise above it."

Captain Müller went up to his post. The *Hamburg* was in the middle of the storm. The passengers had not yet noticed anything because, so far, it had been possible to hold up the airship against the wind. But as the gale blew stronger it tossed the Zeppelin from one side to the other and Fritz had to be quick to save the glasses and china. Tables and chairs were well screwed onto the floor and the stewards were rushing about helping airsick passengers. The temperature fell lower and lower. It was evident that a snowstorm was on the



"Captain, the steering apparatus doesn't work!"



way—the greatest enemy of the airship because it weighs down the body and strains the engine.

"Wake up the reserve crew," ordered Captain Müller; and the next moment half-dressed men were hurrying to their posts.

On one of the balconies Mr. Wirth of Berlin was watching the terrifying but tremendous spectacle. While trying to keep his pipe lighted in the storm he leaned a little too far out, the wind caught hold of his cap and swung it out into the darkness. Mr. Wirth used some strong language and retired to the smoking-room.

Now the snowstorm began to rage and the airship moved forward with the utmost difficulty despite the fact that the engine was working at its top speed. Everybody knew what it would mean if the storm proved the stronger of the two. The airship would be pressed farther and farther down until it touched the water. That would mean death for several hundred people, because on such a night one could not count on help from a boat or from another airship.

"Captain, the steering apparatus at the left doesn't work," one of the pilots suddenly reported. "I can't make it move at all." This meant that the possibilities of steering were reduced to one half and that in certain situations one couldn't steer at all.

For a moment Captain Müller was petrified, but after a few seconds he had his orders ready: "Two men must climb to the window near the rudder and see what can be done. Take lights with you and be careful. But the rudder has to be repaired."

The two men ordered out looked at each other. Repair a rudder in this storm! Had Captain Müller gone mad? One might just as well jump directly into the ocean from one of the balconies. But they must obey orders. The airship had already begun to turn over on one side and it was impossible to right it. Now came a telephone call from the window near the rudder. "Captain, we can see that there is something black stuck in the hinges of the rudder, but we

cannot see what it is." The captain gave an order, but the noise up there was so great that the men could not hear what he said. One of them came down. Captain Müller had just sent

for the chief engineer, and at the same time in came Fritz with some hot milk.

"Captain," said the chief engineer, "I am sure something is stuck on the rudder, a bird or something, and that is what makes it unmanageable. The only thing we can do is to let somebody down through the window on a rope."

"Then let us do it," said Captain Müller.

He was greatly surprised when his men hesitated. "Yes, Captain, but . . ." said the first officer.

"Schultze, I haven't asked your opinion. We have the responsibility of two hundred lives. Is there nobody who dares?"

Fritz stared at him with open mouth. He adored Captain Müller. Nobody answered the captain's question. "Captain, may I . . . ." Fritz managed to bring forth, but the next moment he blushed bright red and stuttered something incomprehensible.

Captain Müller looked at the boy and then said in the calmest voice on earth: "Yes, Fritz, that is all right, you are going to help us with this. The engineer and two men shall follow. Put leather clothes on him and a helmet."

Fritz felt as if he had fallen down from a skyscraper and the men stood there quite dazed for a moment.

"Away with you!" ordered Captain Müller. All four of them vanished.

"If you absolutely want to kill yourself—" began one of the men.

"Be quiet," said the engineer, "Fritz and I are going to get this straight." Fritz was put into a storm-proof leather costume and on his head was set a leather helmet that protected the face. Then they went up to the window above the rudder. The engineer gave his last order. He had to scream to make himself heard. Fritz was let down on strong ropes some four or five yards. At first he felt his head swim as he was violently



*"We have the responsibility of two hundred lives. Is there nobody who dares?"*



tossed against the side of the airship, but he heard the order: "You must try to take away the black thing that you see sticking down there."

Fritz felt at the hinges of the rudder. A strong searchlight was directed towards it, but underneath him there was a black abyss. Now his hands felt something soft. He pulled and tore at it, but it was well attached. He made a last violent pull at it and lo! he got the thing in his hands, and there he held it as if it had been a treasure that somebody might want to steal from him. The rudder began to work, the men shouted to each other and began to pull up the ropes. When he was halfway up, the wind took hold of Fritz's dangling body and tossed it against the metal side with such strength that he became senseless. But when the men got him back into the ship he still held the object that he had found entangled in the rudder. The men had to force open his hand to get it. The engineer was mute with surprise.

The cause of all the trouble was an ordinary tweed cap!

Fritz was immediately carried to the infirmary where the doctor took care of him. He had a

serious concussion of the brain and was raving.

Captain Müller will never forget that journey. The *Hamburg* fought every yard of its way and the whole night the world waited for every signal from the airship. The next morning the snowstorm was over, and the crowd at Wilhelmshafen cheered enthusiastically when the *Hamburg* appeared, a small spot on the sky.

Everybody already knew from Captain Müller's short radio report about Fritz's achievement and he was the hero of the day without knowing about it. When the Red Cross Samaritans brought him from the Zeppelin to the waiting ambulance, a thousand heads uncovered for the small figure on the stretcher.

It was Christmas Eve when Fritz recovered consciousness. He thought the place looked a little odd; two women in white were busy with some bottles, and an old man with spectacles

was bent anxiously over him.

The extra editions of the evening papers were able to report that Fritz would live and that he was celebrating his Christmas just as did the two hundred people whose lives he had saved.

—From the Swedish Junior Red Cross Magazine.



*Fritz felt the hinges of the rudder. A strong searchlight was directed towards it, but underneath him was a black abyss*

## The Hundred Forbearances

IN China many branches of the same family usually occupy the same house and look up to one member, the grandfather, the grandmother or the oldest brother, for decisions in all the important questions of family life.

One of the most famous of these family rulers, or patriarchs, was named Chang Kung-i. He lived in the T'ang dynasty which fell between the seventh and tenth centuries and he was the ninth of the Chang family to hold his position.

The fame of this family's harmonious way of life was already becoming proverbial. The Emperor wished to set it before his people as an

example worth imitating. He therefore arranged to interview the wise old man.

"I wish to have explained to me the principle which has enabled the exemplary family of Chang to live together for nine generations without separation or division," said the emperor.

The old man, too weak to speak, whispered for permission to write the answer. Writing materials were brought and he wrote, a hundred times, the word "Forbearance."

The repetition of this tale of the "hundred forbearances" has helped to mould the ways of family life in China for a thousand years.

# A Holiday Exchange

ANNA L. CURTIS

CHRISTMAS has always been the most wonderful holiday in the year for German children. For the last few years, however, because of the unemployment, many German children have had hardly any Christmas joy—perhaps not even one of the gingerbread figures of Hansel and Gretel which are piled high in every baker's window during the Christmas season. And because times are so hard in Germany, some French children have reached across the boundary lines to give Christmas happiness to children there. A week or two before last Christmas, a letter from a class of fifty little French girls and their teacher came to a class of German girls in Berlin.

"We all send you our wishes for friendship and happiness," the letter said. "From the other side of the border we call to you that we love you, and we stretch our hands out to you, and seek your friendship."

With the letter there came, also, a large package of Christmas presents and letters. Every little French girl had written a letter for some German girl, and had sent at least one present, sometimes more than one. There were dresses and blouses and stockings and gloves. There were bits of needlework, and stickers, and little things that the children had made in school. There were dolls and playthings. And there were pictures.

One of the German children, looking at the pictures, said, "The French girls put all their heart and all their friendship into them. I can see it." One picture showed a Christmas tree covered with its trimmings and candles, and with a happy, smiling child advancing toward it. In big letters underneath, the artist had printed, "For a German friend." There were a great many pictures of flowers. But the picture that all the children liked best was one that showed the four countries, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Above Germany, a red rose was painted, and at the top of the sheet was written, "The rose is for you, little German girl."

How the German children exclaimed over the presents, and admired every one of them! The fathers of many of them had been out of work

for a long time, and they would not have had any Christmas presents at all, if the French children had not remembered them. And the most wonderful thing was that French children had thought of them in love and friendship. Their fathers had been fighting each other in the great war, only thirteen years before. And yet the French children sent presents, and wrote affectionate letters.

A nine-year-old little French girl, named Jacqueline, wrote this letter to be given to one of the German children:

"DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

"Isn't war awful? So many soldiers, good fathers, have died at the front. And they suffered, night after night, before they died. And in the towns so many mothers died, too. We must get to know each other. I would like so much to know you, and I would like to see your country. I hope you will answer my letter, in which I send you with all my heart my friendship."

All the other forty-nine letters from the French children were just as friendly as this, and the little German girls were eager to answer them. This was the letter that Erika wrote in answer to Jacqueline:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I wish you a Merry Christmas. I wish ever so much, too, that you could visit here. I like you ever so much. We both think just alike; for we don't want our fathers to fight. It is just foolish for people to shoot each other dead. And for

absolutely nothing, don't you think? Dear friend, I will now end my letter, with love."

As soon as the little Germans recovered from their surprise, they began to say all together, "We want to send them some presents, too."

But what could these poor children send, when some of them did not even have one single good dress to wear? Some could give pictures that they had made in school; others brought playthings that they had kept and loved for years. Letters, postcards, pictures, playthings—it was a big package of presents that the German children sent to their French friends. And it reached them just in time, before school closed for the Christmas holidays.



# Ross, Enemy of Malaria

JANE STAFFORD

SIXTY-SEVEN years ago a little boy named Ronald Ross celebrated his eighth birthday on a ship that was sailing through the Indian Ocean and around the tip of Africa into the South Atlantic. He was on the four-months' journey from India, where his father, a British officer, was stationed, to far-off England. His parents were sending him to England so that he could go to school there and also that he might escape the many diseases which plagued India. Chief among these was malaria. In tropical countries like India, about one-third of the entire population suffers from it every year.

Thirty-three years later, this same Ronald Ross discovered the secret of how mosquitoes give people malaria, and showed the world how to wipe out this malady by cleaning up the shallow pools where the malaria mosquito breeds. That the world did not make better use of his life-saving discovery was one of his most bitter disappointments. For malaria still exists in the tropics and even in temperate countries, such as our own southern states. Sir Ronald Ross died on September 16, 1932, without seeing his dream of a world without malaria come true.

Arriving in England for the first time, young Ronald was taken to the Isle of Wight where he lived with an elderly uncle and aunt. Later he attended Springhill School. He liked mathematics and literature. He read first the Bible, then Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan dramatists, and read them so often that his uncle one day exclaimed, "The lad is talking Elizabethan English!"

Ronald spent his holidays often with another aunt and uncle who lived in the country. He learned on these visits something of farming and of the habits of cattle, birds, frogs, newts and

wasps, and became very "zoological." Unfortunately, as it later turned out, he learned nothing of the habits of mosquitoes, though there were plenty of them in England, and even

some malaria. He spent much time swimming and boating, sea fishing and sailing. He liked mathematics, painting, music and verse. He had no taste for medicine. He wanted to be an artist.

However, General Sir Campbell Ross wanted his oldest son to become a physician and to enter the Indian Medical Service. Ronald was not pleased at first, but his father painted a glowing picture of the life of a British officer in India—plenty of good sport and shooting, a beautiful country and enough leisure to paint, if he still wanted to. So Ronald agreed.

On October 1, 1874, his father left him at famous old St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London where he was entered as a medical student.

Ronald liked best his work with the microscope, but all during his medical school days, and in fact all his life, he clung to his interest in music and poetry, which gave him much comfort. He had trouble passing his final examinations, and having failed one set, joined up as ship's surgeon and made several voyages while studying for the final examinations. At last he entered the Indian Medical Service, and was stationed at various places in India, Burma and Ceylon. He discharged his professional duties carefully, but spent his free time in writing poetry and working out problems of higher mathematics.

He heard at about this time of certain studies on malaria which had been made by one Alphonse Laveran, a French army surgeon. This was not so long after the great Pasteur had showed that certain diseases were caused by



Courtesy of Hygeia  
Sir Ronald Ross

germs, tiny parasites that could be seen only with a powerful microscope. Everyone was looking for germs in those days, and Laveran found the germs of malaria. However, neither he nor anyone else knew how the germs got into the blood to set up the disease.

Thousands of years earlier certain physicians in Greece, and later some in other warm countries, had noticed a connection between malaria and damp, swampy or marshy places, and even between malaria and mosquitoes. They thought people got the disease by breathing the air of the marshes. The disease gets its name from *mala aria*, which means bad air. After disease germs were discovered, it was thought that, of course, the damp air contained the germs. The only drawback to this theory was the fact that people often had malaria where there were no marshes.

All these early scientists were like detectives working without enough clues. The leading clue was discovered by a Dr. Patrick Manson, afterward Sir Patrick. He had the truly brilliant idea that the malaria parasite had to spend part of its life in the mosquito and part in the blood of a malaria patient. The mosquitoes, he decided, sucked the malaria germs out when they bit a patient. It was at this stage of his theorizing that Sir Patrick and Ronald Ross met.

Ronald Ross was back in England on leave. He had tried, in India, to find Laveran's germs in the blood of malaria patients, and, failing, had decided that Laveran was wrong. Back in England, he went to a professor at his old medical school and asked about the matter. The professor sent him to Patrick Manson. The latter took a drop of blood from a malaria patient, put it on a slide and stained it, and showed it to Ross under the microscope, pointing out the malaria germs inside the red cells of the blood. Ross was convinced. Then Dr. Manson confided to Ross his theory of the rôle of mosquitoes in malaria. Ross was tremendously excited, and agreed to put the theory to the test on his return to India, where millions were suffering with malaria.

Ross worked feverishly, but in vain, for two long years to solve the problem of mosquitoes

and malaria. His task was to find Laveran's malaria germs inside the mosquitoes that had bitten malaria patients. That would prove that mosquitoes played a part in carrying the infection from man to man. He was handicapped by having no knowledge of mosquitoes, and by having his research constantly interrupted by official duties. He had, moreover, to discover two unknown quantities at the same time: the

kind of mosquito that carried the parasite, and the form and position of the parasite in the mosquito.

Near the end of the second year, he went stale on the work and for about a month could hardly bring himself to look into his microscope. Finally, one stifling hot day, August 20, 1897, he was sitting at his microscope again, examining perhaps

the thousandth mosquito he had dissected and looked over. He had one more bit of tissue, the insect's stomach, to look at before he would be through for the day. He was tired and his head ached. He had no fan going, for fear it would blow away the precious bits of mosquitoes. Tiny flies and mosquitoes bit and buzzed and tried to get into his eyes. It was so hot the screws of his microscope were rusty from the sweat that had poured off his face and hands. One lens was cracked. He thought for a moment of letting that last mosquito stomach go without looking at it. But he did not, and in it he found the germs which he had sought for two years.

The germs appeared to be in the lining of the mosquito's stomach. The mosquito itself we know now by the scientific name of *anopheles*. It sucks the germ out of the malaria patient's blood just as Patrick Manson thought, and carries it to the next man it bites.

If mosquitoes are kept away from malaria patients, the cycle is broken. If shallow pools and other breeding places of mosquitoes are drained or oiled, the mosquitoes die off, and the cycle is likewise broken. This is the program of the anti-malaria campaigns that have been waged in the countries once plagued by malaria.

For this work he received many honors, among them knighthood and the Nobel Prize in medicine, and the Ross Institute for research in tropical medicine stands as a monument to him.

### "IN THIS, O NATURE, YIELD"

Ronald Ross

*IN this, O Nature, yield to me.*

*I pace and pace and think and think, and take  
The fevered hands and note down all I see  
That some dim, distant light may haply break.*

*The painful faces ask, can we not cure?*

*We answer, No, not yet; we seek the laws.*

*O God, reveal through all this thing obscure,*

*The unseen, unknown, million-murdering cause.*



## Letters from Italy

**I**TALIAN children have an old woman for Santa Claus. A letter from a school in Florence to Fairhaven Junior High School in New Haven, Connecticut, tells about her:

"Among so many things that I could write to you, I prefer to tell you about the characteristic Befana. This name is given to Epiphany Day, January sixth, as well as to the traditional figure which personifies it.

"The Befana is represented as an old woman who distributes gifts to good children, but who sometimes punishes those who are naughty. Epiphany Day celebrates, as you know, the showing of the infant Jesus to the Three Wise Men from the East who, led by a miraculous star, came to Bethlehem to worship him and give him rich gifts of gold, incense and myrrh. The word 'Bifania' came by corrupt use from 'Epiphany' and later changed to 'Befana.'

"Befana is now for all children an old woman who comes to earth during the night of January fifth. The children look forward to her because of the gifts she brings them. In many of our out-of-the-way places, the children leave part of their supper for her and food for her little donkey. In Tuscany, the children do not forget to fasten their stockings near the mantelpiece on the eve of Epiphany, hoping to find them filled with candies and toys next morning. In the beautiful processions that take place in every village, the children are led by a girl dressed as Befana."

**C**HILDREN of old Russia, too, had an old woman like Befana, only their name for her was Babouschka, or the Little Old Woman. The story is that one day when the Three Kings were journeying along, they came across an old woman cleaning her house.

"Where are you going?" said she.

"We are going to worship the Christ Child," they replied.

"Wait until I finish my cleaning and I will go with you," said the old woman.

"No, we cannot wait. The birth of the child is the greatest thing that has happened since the world began and we must hasten on," answered the Three Kings. "But stop your housecleaning and come with us."

"No, no," said the old woman, sweeping and dusting harder than ever. "I couldn't go away and leave a dirty house. I'll just finish my cleaning and catch up with you."

So the three went on without her and she worked like lightning to get through. But when she started to catch up with them they were out of sight. And never, never did she join them, though she tried for years and years. In fact, she is still looking for them.



Befana

**I**N this new country, we think a house old that has stood for a hundred years. The Italian correspondents go to school in a palace that has seen more than

six centuries of changing history. One of them writes:

"I want to tell you about our dear school which we all like and which is full of memories. It is beside the Arno River near the Holy Trinity Bridge, a masterpiece of Ammanati. In the year 1273, people began talking about the imposing palace belonging to the old and noble family of Frescobaldi, famous in the thirteenth century on account of its poets. Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, lived there for a time, and in 1301, Prince Charles, brother of Philippe the Handsome, King of France, dwelt in the Frescobaldi Palace. In the seventeenth century, the old palace was restored in the fashion of the time, and so a great deal of its beauty was spoiled. Afterwards the walls echoed to the

prayers and hymns of nuns, for the place became a convent.

"In the middle of the last century when the capital was transferred from Turin to Florence, Frescobaldi was used for six years by the Ministry of the Navy. Next, school children came to fill its great rooms. But when the Great War broke out, the children gave way to nurses and doctors and wounded and dying men, for the palace had become a hospital. After the exaltation and joy of the end of the war, life resumed its regular course. The children came back to fill the rooms with their cheerfulness and to study, their bright eyes fixed on the future.

"From these large, old, full-of-memories rooms, we send you across the sea on the wings of our affection, our most brotherly greeting."

**G**ENNARO CECCUTI tells about the great sports field of which Florence is so proud:

"In our city of Florence training in sports is very well developed and we have a sport field, 'The Red Lily.'

"To go to the Michelangelo Esplanade there is a magnificent paved avenue with tall cypresses on each side. About the middle of this avenue is the Sport Field on a splendid site where it enjoys all the panorama of the city and surrounding hills.

"On one side of the field there are the covered stands and nearby are the field dressing rooms and a restaurant. The field is oval and very large. On one side there is the running track. In the center is a lawn for such events as jumping, discus throwing and javelin hurling. This year the pupils of our school went to see an athletic program. We saw one hundred, four hundred, and three thousand meter races, steeplechasing and pole vaulting. We saw, too, a gymnastic exercise by many boys of the Balilla National Association together; they were divided into groups and showed much order and discipline.

"Each year on this field there is the 'Great Prize of the Regions,' a big athletic event in which the best athletes of Italy take part. There are races, jumping, discus throwing, javelin hurling and pole vaulting. In each competition two athletes of each region take part. This year the great prize was won by Lombardy. Our Tuscany was second with a few marks less than the first one.

"This year we shall have on the same field the

international Olympic games for girls, 'The Olympiad of Grace.'"

**A**NOTHER of the Frescobaldi school group writes:

"Among many beautiful things that I might have told you about, I have chosen a traditional Florentine festival which takes place on Ascension Day. It consists of going to the country or parks to seek singing crickets and put them in small cages made sometimes of very simple material, sometimes of gilded wires. Sellers of crickets go through the streets of the city which are full of cheerfulness under the beautiful spring sky. Before daybreak each of them went

out through the streets, still lighted by the electric lamps, with a bag on his shoulders and a small mattock in his hands to the Cascine meadows. There they looked for the little brown insects among the fresh new grass. When they had a sufficient load they returned joyfully to the city and started their walk through the streets under the pink sky of dawn crying: 'Who wants a cricket? Here is the singing cricket!'

"Some early-rising child, some mother who wishes to give a surprise to her children, may come to the

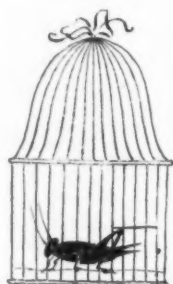
house door and inquire what is the price for the little insect. The superstitious dealer takes the money which is offered to him, even if it is very little, so as not to lose the first sale, the one that will bring him luck.

"The sun now rises in the sky; the streets are crowded and the avenues are full of people all going to the same goal—the Cascine meadows, beautiful and lively on Ascension Day.

"There is a picturesque crowd: mothers with their children in their best clothes; old people with their relations; men who go alone; well-to-do families; giddy little servant maids; and on the carriage roads is a file of bicycles also adorned with flowers and crowns of laurel.

"The day before, small booths have been installed on the meadows, as well as tables and seats for picnics and open-air meals; kitchens, improvised cafés. And everywhere you smell the tempting odor of roasted mutton, peas, onion sauce.

"Who does not go to lunch on the beautiful Cascine meadows on Ascension Day? Who does not buy a singing cricket? I hope that you may come some day, yourselves, to see the cricket festival."



*Cricket cage*

# Christmas Wreaths

NORA BURGLON

Illustrations by Constance Whittemore

THE SCHOOLMASTER had had measles in the fall and school had closed for two whole weeks in October. Now his students in the little red school house had to go to school until Christmas Eve. They might have grumbled on the way home tonight, but there were far more important matters to talk about.

"My father says it's fifty years since the king came to our valley," announced Emil, "and, now he is passing through again, we are going to see him best because we live nearest the road."

"I'm going to see him best because I'm keeper of the gate," said Kahl. "He can't get through unless I open the gate."

Marda and Etvart walked along in silence, but they were thinking of many things. Had this been any night except Christmas Eve, they, too, would have been prattling about the king who was going to ride through their valley on his way back to the capital; but it was not for them to be sitting upon the crooked rail fence by the road waiting for the king this day. It was Christmas Eve, and because school keeps in Scandinavia on Saturday the same as any other week day, the two of them had not had the opportunity of going to the village and getting their mother's Christmas gift before. This evening they were going to take the wreaths they had made the night before and walk to town to trade them away for something their mother might like.

"Just because you are such mama babies you are not going to see the king at all," said Emil.

"Yes, and when the rest of us sing the national anthem as he passes by, you won't get a penny like us," added Kahl.

"Yes, and you won't even see the grand crown the king wears on his head. It has diamonds and rubies and pearls in it, and it is made of gold and costs as much as two farms, perhaps more," Berjitta added.

Not to see the king who wore the equivalent of two farms upon his head was bad enough, but not to see the crown that had real diamonds and rubies in it, that was the worst of all. Etvart kicked a broken snow crust out of the way and strode on more heavily than before. The path of duty never was an easy one to walk, and it was very, very difficult today.

"Never mind," whispered Marda, "our mother has done nice things for us all year long, and the king doesn't even know us. Our mother comes before anybody else, even before the king."

Etvart said nothing in reply. He thought of the pretty copper pennies that would be given to all the children but Marda and himself. He thought, also, of the stories the other children would have to tell—all but himself and Marda. They would have to sit there and never say a word, and it was just because the schoolmaster had to get measles so that school had to keep until Christmas Eve.

"Etvart wants to sit on the fence with the rest of us," said Emil, "but he is scared."

"I'm not, either."

"You are, too, 'cause you are a mama boy, and have to run to town and buy her something."

"Don't you care what they say," Marda whispered to her brother; "it isn't everyone who has such a wonderful mother as we have."

Etvart said nothing. His fists were deep in his pockets, and his brow was heavy. This year instead of saying Happy Christmas to the others as he left them at the cross roads, he just stamped along through the snow and left them there upon the old rail fence by the road.

The children called after the two, "Merry Christmas, mama babies," and sat there on top the scraggly old fence like bright-colored snow birds, waiting for the king to pass by.

"Do you suppose we will ever see the king any time in our lives?" Etvart finally said to his sister.

"Of course we will," said she; "perhaps we'll see him lots more times than the rest of the children. Selfish folk never get the thing they want the most."

Nothing more was said until they got home. Each of them had a bowl of clabber with a sprinkling of sugar and ginger over the top. That made them feel better.

"When you get back," said the mother, "I'll have a lovely rice pudding made."

Rice pudding is the ceremonial dish of Christmas in Scandinavia, rice pudding with real raisins and a lump of butter right in the middle of it that made little golden islands in the milk. Well, indeed, that was something to come home for.



"We'll have something pretty for you, too, Mother," said Marda, "when we get home."

"What ever can it be?" said their mother.

But the two of them merely shook their heads mysteriously. They could not exactly say what it was they were going to buy. It all depended upon what they would get for their wreaths. If they could sell them for seventy-five öre each, then they would have a whole krona and a half to spend; but if they got no more than fifty öre a wreath, then there would be but a krona (about \$27).

"We might buy mother a new set of knitting needles, for you know she can only work at one thing with only one set of needles," said Marda.

"No," said Etvart, "not knitting needles. It has to be something pretty, like a bright neckerchief or a set of silver cuff links for her blouse."

At last the lights of the village could be seen twinkling above the drifts. So Bethlehem must have looked that far away Christmas Eve when Mary and Joseph could find no place in the inn. Marda picked out a great white star in the sky.

"Perhaps it is the same one that led the Wise Men hundreds of years ago," she said.

"And tonight it will shine above the road for the king," thought Etvart. "I wonder if he has passed by yet, and I wonder if Kahl will get more than a penny for opening the gate for him."

In the market place people bustled about as if they didn't even know there was a king in their land. The straw goat had to be bought for the children, and a bundle of grain for the birds. Those who had any change left after apples and nuts, *lingon* and sweetmeats were bought, had to get themselves a little red Christmas elf to set upon the Christmas table, for it was the Christmas *nisse* or *tomte* who brought the good children gifts on Christmas morning, and sometimes even left them under beds and cupboards long before Christmas Eve so that the boys and girls found them a whole week too soon.

"Buy a wreath of fresh balsam, only seventy-five öre!"

But tonight folks were not thinking of Christmas wreaths. Perhaps they already had one at every window. One after the other was asked. Men and women, old and young, alike. Some growled at the two as if they were angry at the whole world because Christmas had come again, and some walked on by as if they had not heard.

At last the merchants in the market place commenced to pack their produce away. Sleds jingled off into the night, and before long there was nobody in the market place but the man with the straw bucks.\* He stood there shivering over his straw as if he meant to remain there all night, as he did to be sure, for who went anywhere on Christmas Eve without taking a straw buck along with him?

"You two had just as well go home, now," said the man. "There won't be any more customers until late."

Marda's heart was so heavy she could scarcely breathe. Christmas Eve and not a single thing to give to mother! They could not even sell their wreaths for twenty-five öre. Etvart, boy though he was, could find no way out of this difficulty. He was so disap-



"You two had just as well go home," said the man with the straw goats.

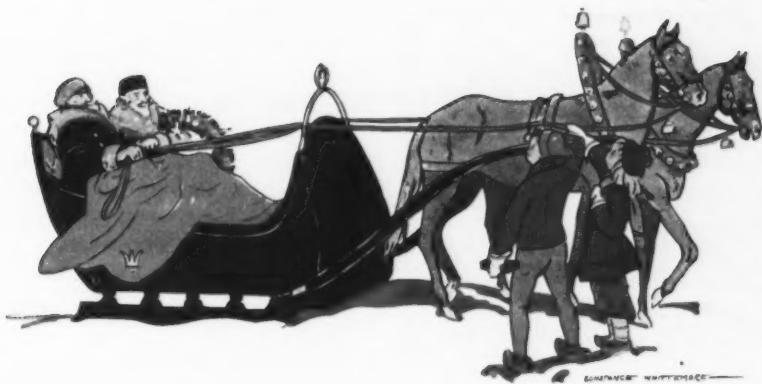
pointed he did not trust his voice to say a single word, and now that there was nothing in his pockets his legs slipped and slid even worse than they had done on the way to town. What a day this had been!

As if Marda knew just how her brother felt, she said, "Never mind, Etvart, we'll tie a bright bit of wool on the wreaths, then we'll give them to mother. She will know that we love her anyway."

Etvart said nothing. It wasn't so much that they had nothing but a couple of balsam wreaths to give, as that they had failed in doing what they set out to do. A "mama baby" was what Emil had called him. Perhaps it was because the rest thought the same that they would not buy his and Marda's wreaths.

\* Straw goats are sold in all the Scandinavian markets at Christmas. December twenty-fifth was the day celebrated as the birthday of Thor. The straw goats are symbolic of his goats, although they are now used as a symbol of the manger and the animals of the stable in Bethlehem.





The night had now settled down until the road wound out before them like a crooked black line that cleft their little world in twain. Above them the stars twinkled cold and far away as if they too did not care at all that there were two heart-heavy children walking homewards through the night. In the distance sleigh bells jingled, faintly. Marda was hoping that it would not be some big farmer homeward bound their way. For then the two of them would have to get out of the way and the snow was so frightfully deep beside the road. On the other hand if some crofter came along he might stop and ask them to ride.

After a little Marda shook her head. "It is not a croft sled," she said to Etvart, as if she could know what her brother was thinking. "It is some big farmer. One can hear that by the bells," she added. Three sets of bells could be heard as distinctly as the three different bells in the church tower. Marda got out of the way.

The snow felt so cold about her weary legs. What luck if someone should ask them to ride!

"Are we taking the right road to Sunsdalen?" came the demand, as the team was reined in before the two.

Etvart spoke up, and told them that they were on the right road, and just what cut-off to take to make it shorter. The two of them lived right upon that very cut-off themselves.

"If you are traveling the same way," said one of the men, "won't you come and ride with us?"

How wonderful to get a ride in such a sleigh on Christmas Eve! Marda climbed in, and it was just like sinking down in a feather bed.

"You have been to town to buy your wreaths for Christmas," said the man who did not drive.

"No," said Etvart, "we took them to town to sell them so that we could buy our mother a Christmas gift, but nobody wanted them." His voice sounded very thin as he acknowledged this defeat.

"Did nobody want to buy those fine wreaths?"

exclaimed the man, "Why those are fine enough for the king himself!"

Etvart shook his head. "We didn't even see the king," he said. "He was going to pass by our place this afternoon, but because of getting a gift for mother we couldn't stay and see him."

"Would you have liked to see the king?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, we would!" replied Etvart. "And most of all we wanted to see his crown that has rubies and diamonds in it and costs as much as two farms."

The stranger nodded, and so the four of them rode along in that marvelous sleigh with the small bells tinkling and the big bells jingling so that it made one's very ears ring. Even Christmas morning when the big farmer Bjornson came and brought them to early morning service, the bells would never sing as joyously as they did this night. Marda and Etvart were almost sorry when they saw the white gate posts before their little house glittering with the frost and the moonbeams.

"Here is where we live," said Etvart.

The sleigh came to a stop and the two got out.

"Won't you let me buy your wreaths?" asked the stranger. "I have none at all as yet."

"Oh, yes," said Etvart, eagerly, "Yes, indeed."

"How much are they?"

"They were seventy-five öre each," said Etvart, hesitating a little for fear the stranger would not want to pay that much.

"That is much too little for such fine wreaths," said the man. "Here is a five krona note, and here is a box of candy for you two as a Christmas gift from your king."

The two of them stared at the stranger in speechless astonishment. The king! They had been riding and talking to the king himself!

"Remember this," he said. "He who serves his mother first, serves his king best." Then he bid them both a Merry Christmas and the sleigh drove off into the night.

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EDWARD W. MARCELLUS ..... Director, Junior Red Cross  
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN, Editor, Junior Red Cross Publications

*The stars are lighted candles  
Upon a Christmas tree  
(The branches that they hang on  
We can not ever see).  
On Christmas Eve the angels stand  
About it after tea  
And if the angel's very good  
He gets a present as he should.*

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

## DON'T LET THAT LEFT HAND KNOW

THERE has been a lot in the NEWS these last months about how much the members of the Junior Red Cross are doing and giving for others. Reports of such things warm the heart. We know what pride and pleasure it gives the Juniors to be sharing with their elders in aid of others less fortunate than themselves. But does someone now and then say things like, "Those little poor children were so grateful to us," or "They certainly did appreciate what we are doing for them," or, even worse, "They might have shown a little more gratitude"? Those who talk that way are missing the much greater pleasure they might have if they did not expect or want thanks, but unselfishly enjoyed doing what they were fortunate enough to be able to do for someone else. Besides, givers of that kind are very likely to hurt the feelings of those they help.

We notice that in some places Thanksgiving baskets filled in schools were taken by the local nurse to the homes of needy families, so that

children there might not be embarrassed by receiving food from their own school companions. Did you read the story of the capsules in the November NEWS? You know that old saying, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth"? Well, keep that left hand ignorant and see how much more fun it will be to give help where it is needed without expecting praise and gratitude.

## MORE CIZEK PICTURES

OUR cover this month was made by a member of the Cizek Art Class in Vienna. This is one of the most famous art classes for children in the world. Once, when the class was about to be broken up for lack of funds, your own National Children's Fund helped it out. Now the Austrian Junior Red Cross sells some of the best work of its pupils. Many of you are already familiar with the bright colored postcards and the big picture called "Spring" done by Cizek children. Now there are three gorgeous new Cizek pictures for sale. The one called "Sunflowers" shows a little boy and girl in the grass with the sunflowers growing around them. It is a lithograph, eighteen by twenty inches and in nine colors. The price for schools is fifty cents each. The other two are friezes twenty by thirty-three inches, in nine colors; one shows a girl with some goats and the other shows gay-looking children in a field with their puppy and a pig. These are one dollar each.

We wish we might give you an idea of the fresh and glorious color in these pictures. If you want any of them, send the money to Dr. Wilhelm Viola, Austrian Junior Red Cross, Stubenring 1, Vienna, Austria. You need not send postage. Do not send any money to the American Junior Red Cross. We have no supply of the pictures and have nothing to do with sending them out.

## THE GIRL ON THE CALENDAR

THELMA lives in Alaska. In summer she puts on a gingham dress and socks and goes blueberrying. But in winter she goes to school dressed as you see her in the picture. Her clothes are of the softest doeskin trimmed with white fur and daintily embroidered by her mother.

Her potlatch bowl is carved from one piece of wood and is in the form of a toad because Thelma belongs to the Toad clan. Perhaps she sometimes plays with Jimmy, brave grandson of Chief Elk Horn.

# A Present from George Washington

MAUD KAY SITES

IT all happened by accident. Traveling towards New York in the autumn of 1789, and finding the tavern at Uxbridge, Massachusetts, temporarily closed, President Washington directed his charioteer and riders to proceed to the house of Samuel Taft, where they spent the night. Mr. Taft had two lovely daughters, Mercy and Polly, who were presented by their father to the most illustrious American. It was the pleasant duty of Mercy to put the president's room in order and otherwise make herself useful in helping to entertain him. Mr. Taft pronounced Mercy's name as though it were Mar-cy, and this Washington (who was a bit hard of hearing) understood as Martha, and so he called her "Patty," his pet name for his wife's daughter, Martha Custis.

Imagine the excitement when on Christmas day a big package from New York, bearing the president's seal, was delivered to the Taft house! With it was the following letter:

"Being informed that you have given my name to one of your Sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family—and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters Patty and Polly, I do, for these reasons, send each of these Girls a piece of chintz, and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself.

"As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I daresay is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof directed to 'The President of the United States at New York.'

"I wish you and your family well and am,

"Your humble Servant,

G. WASHINGTON"

Three days after Christmas Mercy, in a long expressive letter, poured out her heartfelt thanks and gratitude to the nation's chief executive, and the world's most famous man. The letter is printed here exactly as it appears, with its quaint spelling, in our national library at Washington:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS

"Agreeable to your commands, I, with pleasure inform the President, that, on the 25th inst, I received the very valuable present, by the hand of the Revd. Mr. Pond of Ashford, you, Sir, were pleased to send me and my Sister, accompanied with a letter from your benevolent hand, of 8th ult.

"The articles mentioned in the letter, viz, two pieces of chintz, containing 30 yds, and five Guineas, came safely to hand, well seeled.

"As it was far beyond my deserving, to receive such a distinguishing mark of your approbation, so it wholly exceeded my expectations.

"And I want words to express my gratitude to you, Great Sir, for the extraordinary favour & honour, conferred on me and our family, both, at this time, and while your Highness was pleased to honour my Papa's house with your presence. I shall endeavour to comply with your desires expressed in the letter. And, as I have great reason, I shall ever esteem and revere the name of him whose noble deeds and Patriotism, has laid a permanent obligation on all the Sons & Daughters of the American Empire ever to adore their unequalled Benefactor.

"And my ardent desires are that the best of heavens blessings may, both in this, and in the future world ever rest on the head of him who stands at the head of our United Empire.

"My Sister joins with me in the unfeigned acknowledgement I've made, likewise hon'd (honoured) Papa and Mama with sincere thank(s) and duty desire to be remembred to your Highness. I conclude, resting assured that it's wholly unnecessary (to) apologize for the incorrectness of the above to him whose candour will palliate the want of ability and Education in her, who is unacquainted with epistolary correspondence, (especially) with one of the first charecters on the Globe—and shall take the libity to subscribe myself, May it please your Highness,

"Your sincere & Most ob't

"most humble sev't

"MERCY TAFT.

"Pray pardon me sir if I mention the mistake in my name you se, sir, it is not Patty."

It would be pleasant to know how these young ladies spent the gold guineas, but we may be sure that they cherished long, and displayed with pride, the last faded shreds of the chintz.



# "Kyak!"

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Decorations by the Author



THE BOYS of the village gathered like snowbirds on the fence outside Chief Elk Horn's lodge. The chief was about to give a potlatch feast.

Already the runners with the invitations had gone on their skis and their dog sledges deep into the forests and along the fjords, wherever the Ravens lived. Since Chief Elkhorn was a Bear he invited only members of another tribe because the rule that no Thlinget Indian may marry among his own might be broken if there were meetings at parties. The Bear boys gathered on the fence, knew they would not be invited to the potlatch but they wanted to get as much fun out of it as they could. And it smelled good!

It was mid-December, a good time for feasts because the fishing season was over and men of all tribes had come home for their winter's rest.

When all was ready a wooden screen door with a round hole in the middle and painted with the bear totem was placed in front of the lodge door. Now and then Chief Elk Horn would put on his bear mask and poke his head through the hole and everyone would exclaim, "Ha, ha! The Bear is giving a party." When the guests came they passed behind the false door and so into the lodge.

But it would be many days before they got there through the dark, snowy forests. The sun was low and the days at their shortest. All the better for the Bear boys. Glued to the windows they could watch what went on in the firelight within. If their fur parkas did not keep them warm they could build a fire of their own, and Jimmy, the chief's grandson, would manage to smuggle out to them a goodly portion of the feast. Jimmy greatly feared his grandfather, a terrible old chief who felt that the boy was getting soft under American ways and should be hardened. He hated the American name that Jimmy had taken when he went to school because his Indian name which meant "Sunlight-on-the-Pines" was too difficult for American tongues. His threat was that some day he would make Jimmy swim in the icy water of the bay

in mid-winter as he himself had been brought up to do.

This bugaboo had haunted the ten winters of Jimmy's life. As he grew older he was sure that some day his grandfather would carry out his threat. But now that the potlatch feast was on, fears were forgotten in the joy of the occasion.

Being of the chief's family, Jimmy would have more than enough of the good things. His mother would see to that. But what about the gang? They depended upon him and he would not let them down. They should have a hunk of roast pork and a dish of smoked salmon floating in oil if he could get it for them.

Potlatch means "giving"; and Chief Elk Horn was prepared to give out hundreds of dollars in furs, smoked fish and blankets. But for whatever he gave he expected to receive double in value within five years. By the custom of the tribe, all this had to be agreed upon between giver and receiver. Also old debts had to be settled. Not until the business end had been regulated could the real party begin.\*

From the outside, the lodge was a low, log building with a smoke hole in the roof. Inside it was one great room with platforms built around its four sides, on which were spread blankets and skins. In the sunken center of the room a fire burned on a stone hearth and near it stood a great bowl of carved and painted wood in the form of a frog. It was filled with oil of the candle fish. When the feast began the big chiefs would sit around this dish, dipping their smoked fish into it, while smaller bowls would be passed as loving cups to the guests seated on the platforms. In one corner were stacked blankets, furs, moccasins, canoe paddles, dried fish and seaweed, fishing tackle, knives, baskets and dressed leather, waiting to be given away.

At last the potlatch was opened by Elk Horn who came dancing into the room with his back to the guests. That was because the richest

\* The United States government has forbidden potlatches, because it found that the custom was making the Alaskan Indians poor.—EDITOR.



part of his handsome blanket was on his back. He also wore his crest hat and shook a rattle shaped like a bird and filled with pebbles taken from the claw of the grouse to bring luck. As he danced he sang his welcome and stated that he gave this potlatch to carry on the fame of his ancestors.

Food was being passed around and Jimmy through the window watched his chance. He soon edged his way carefully in at the door and slid into the shadows thrown by Indians who crowded the platform.

His grandfather was dancing and singing, shaking his rattle vigorously.

"I'll dance and sing  
And get a name  
Of highest fame,"

he shouted. The five broad rings, one above the other, on the crown of his hat showed that he had given five potlatches in his lifetime. If one of the loosely-stuck feathers from his headgear happened to fall on a guest it was considered a lucky omen.

Jimmy waited his chance, then seized a bowl filled with salmon standing on the floor. He was not quite quick enough. Elk Horn, turning in his dance, caught sight of him. Jimmy did not try to run. He knew he should not have taken the salmon without asking and he had nothing to say. The chief danced toward him, frowning, and as he came quite close, jerking his rattle angrily, a feather dropped from his hat and lighted on Jimmy's shoulder.

"Luck, Grandpa," exclaimed the boy brightly.

The old chief was so pleased that Jimmy should take note of the old custom that he softened.

"Go along with your luck," he said, "but keep out of here."

Jimmy plunged into the cold. The boys squatting around their fire and wrapped in blankets hailed Jimmy with shouts of joy.

"That isn't all," he said. "The luck is with me. I'm going to get roast pork next."

The boys made short work of the fish, smacking their lips over it and wiping the dish clean with their fingers. Then Jimmy braced himself for the second move. He crept into the lodge on hands and knees. The dancing had ceased and the air was filled with eating. Jimmy did not dare go boldly into the center and ask for meat.

"Let me have your meat and you get some

more," he said to a young Raven whom he knew well. But the man had begun an eating marathon and shook his head.

Jimmy kept near the door to make escape easier. In the semi-darkness someone put his dish on the platform in order to seat himself more comfortably. Before he could retake it Jimmy snatched it and was out of the door with a bound. Only when he heard an angry cry behind him did he realize his mistake. He had stolen his grandfather's meat! The old chief was after him, brandishing his stick.

Jimmy dropped the joint near the fire and fled to the rocks in a panic. He knew his day had come.

"This time he'll do it," he thought in anguish. But suddenly he faced the fear that had dogged him all his life. "I'll do it myself," he said. "No one shall make me."

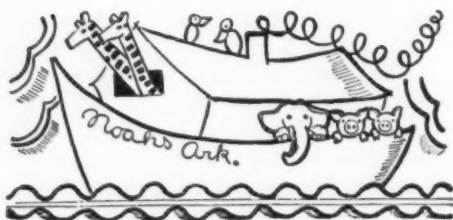
As he ran he began unfastening his fur parka, kicked off his fur boots and skinned out of his warm underclothing. The sea was black and terrible as a floor of pitch. But Jimmy was a good swimmer. He was not afraid of the water, only of the sharp-edged cold against his naked body. It stung him cruelly. His bare feet seemed turned to stone. "Kyak!" he shouted and with a bound and a plunge went into the sea.

When he came out a few seconds later he was numb and aching in every bone. But the boys racing to the shore greeted him with wild cheers. They rubbed the salt off with snow and hurried him into his clothes. As he trotted back to the fire he had a glimpse of his grandfather standing against a blaze of northern lights, and knew that he would never fear him again.

Wrapped in a blanket and lying close to the fire, Jimmy felt a marvelous glow coursing through his body. He had done something worthy of Kyak, greatest of Thlinget heroes. Yes, he was a fine fellow, "a chip off the old block." It was a good thing to keep up the old traditions. Never again would his grandfather call him soft. They were friends now. His eyes closed as the rhythmic beat of the tom-toms took possession of him. From the lodge floated the words of the Bear love song:

"Miss Raven please make love to me.  
I'm sad and lonely as you see.  
My dear for me the sun goes out  
When you my love are not about."

## Something to Read



### TOYS AND TOY MAKERS

James S. Tippet: Harper: \$2.50  
(Ages 8 to 12)

**L**OTS OF PEOPLE still love toys after they grow up. Some even collect them. Mr. Tippet, who wrote this book, loves them. He went to the places where people make toys, and watched how they did it. He tells all about it in his book.

Mama dolls and electric trains are made in factories by huge and complicated pieces of machinery. The dolls' heads and arms and legs are made of dough and stamped out and cooked by great machines like enormous waffle irons; to make the toy trains plain sheets of tin are stamped into sides and tops and ends of cars and into rails for the trains to run on. Each little electric engine is tested by a man who makes it go back and forward, and finally switches it along another track that takes it under its own power to the packers.

Other toys are made by hand. There is one little factory where only old men who can find no other work make flat wooden elephants and dogs and horses and cows and ducks for little children; there is a town in North Carolina where they make toy farm houses with people and barnyard animals enough for a Noah's Ark.

But most of the handmade toys come from Europe, and especially from Germany. People have been making them in Nuremberg and in Sonneberg for centuries. The farmers who live near those towns make them during the long winters when they cannot work in their fields. Men in Switzerland and the Tyrol, too, who herd their sheep and goats all summer long in the Alps, make carvings of their animals.

So long as there have been children, there have been toys. Mr. Tippet tells of some from medieval and Greek and Roman times and even of a lion and a pig carved in white stone for some child in Susa in Persia more than three thousand years ago. Only a stone toy could last so long. It is hard to realize that there were real children then who played as children do today. Egypt has left us a few rag dolls and a

wooden horse on wheels for a baby to pull. They are not quite so old as the Persian toys, but they are very old indeed.

Mr. Tippet also tells how to make a clown on a stick with only some boards, a jackknife, a screwdriver and a nail that can be heated red hot. It sounds as if it would be fun to do.

The whole book will be fun, especially if you are making over old toys for Christmas giving, as so many Juniors do.

### SPENDING THE DAY

Sally Lucas Jean & Grace Hallock: Harper: \$2.00  
(Ages 9 to 12)

**H**AVE you ever thought how odd it would be if you had been born somebody else and somewhere else? How different everything you do would be! If you had been born in China you would think chopsticks the only proper things to eat with; if you had been a Japanese you would kneel on a cushion on the floor instead of sitting in a chair; if you lived in the Philippines you would get up at sunrise and sleep through the hot middle of the day.

Would you like to know how it feels to be a child in each of those three countries for a day apiece? This book will tell you just what you would do if you were—just how you would sleep, what you would wear and eat, how you would go to school, what you would study and what games you would play. You will also hear some of the favorite stories of each land.

It is an interesting book and a real one.

### WANDY, THE WILD PONY

Allen Chaffee: Smith & Haas: \$2.00  
(Ages 7 to 11)

**W**HEN THE small moor ponies stood in the middle of their range in Dartmoor, England, there was no fence to hem them in for five miles in any direction. Wandy, who was born there, loved his free life with the herd. For three years he seldom saw a human being and never felt bridle or bit. He learned only the smell of the fresh breeze and the taste of heather. When, at last, two English children and their Irish groom rounded him up and drove him to the big stables, he was terrified. Very gently the children trained him to wear a saddle and carry them, and Wandy had a great day of triumph at the pony show. He grew fond of the children, but still he remembered his old, free life. He got away at last; how and why he was glad to go back home to the stables again, makes an interesting story.—J. C. W.

# Santa Joins the J. R. C.

**I**N THE Province of Quebec, Canada, 21,732 gifts for children were collected and packed in Montreal in 1,448 Christmas stockings. The gifts came from every corner of the big province, but Juniors from schools in and near Montreal, and members of the Junior League of that city, had the fun of actually filling the stockings. In Canada the J. R. C. supports beds in children's wards in many hospitals; the first of the Christmas stockings were sent to the children in these beds and to every child in the wards of the hospitals where they are. Still there were many left, and these were sent to various institutions where there were children who might not otherwise have received any Christmas gift.

The *Canadian Red Cross Junior* goes on to say:

In addition to this big clearing-house of Christmas gifts in Montreal the Quebec Juniors did a great deal of service in their own communities. A committee of one branch cooked a Christmas dinner for an old man whose wife had recently died. A layette was made and was ready for a little baby born in a poor family just before Christmas; a cord of wood was mysteriously left in a poor family's yard, and many Christmas trees were cut down, decorated and delivered to families that otherwise could not possibly have had them. After they were set up in the home, they were hung with gifts. There were many practical gifts this year, such as hampers of canned goods, groceries and clothing of all sorts, as well as toys. It will soon be the ambition of Canadian Juniors to see that no child in their country is left without some kind of special cheer, at Christmas.

**A** LITTLE JUNIOR of the State Girls' Home at Ggedl, Hungary, wrote:

We prayed to Jesus to send us a poor child as a Christmas gift, and we received one who was allowed to have her dinner at our Home during the Christmas fête. Because people here are so very poor we decided to give the rolls or buttered bread we used to get at ten o'clock and in the afternoon, to poor children. Up to the present time 130 loaves have been distributed. We also do the washing for a poor old man and have provided him with a pillow for his couch.

The Juniors of Gyor in Hungary celebrated Christmas by carrying a lighted Christmas tree



*Montreal, Canada, Juniors packing Christmas stockings*

through the town to the streets where the very poorest people lived. Here, in front of the church, the Juniors were greeted by the parish priest and a crowd of children. They then carried the tree to the town's largest square and set it up there. Kind-hearted people brought gifts which they deposited under "everybody's Christmas tree."

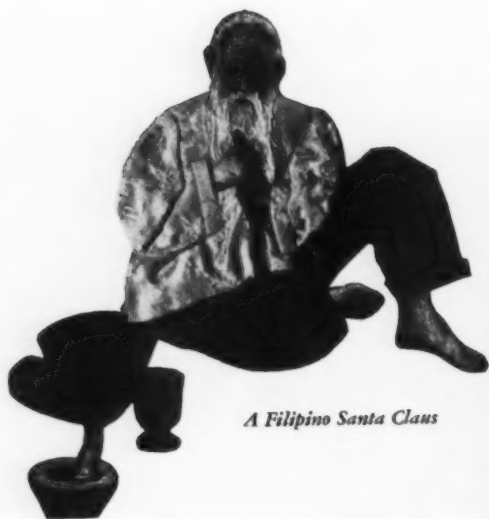
**G**REECE is one of the countries that has been most plagued and handicapped by malaria. Juniors there help in the fight against the disease. A Junior Chapter at Orei has recently formed an anti-malaria group to combat it in their region. They also organized a Christmas festival and made many things for the bazaar held to raise money for a new school building.

At Cavalla the Juniors were highly successful in their Christmas carol singing. The money which was given to them they gave to poor children. Methymna Juniors bought dresses for poor schoolfellows and sent a sum of money to a needy Junior who was ill.

**A** SWEDISH JUNIOR describes how one group of Juniors helped make Christmas happiness:

We had such fun at Christmas distribution of presents. In two cars we went to the homes of old people. We sang Christmas carols and then a little boy dressed as a Christmas sprite handed out the bags with a deep bow. One old woman who was ninety-five said she had never enjoyed anything so much in all her life. It was touching to see how pleased all these lonely old people were. In the bags we brought there was coffee, sugar, rice, spice cakes and candies—all provided by the Juniors. The children that we visited also got mittens and stockings. One little school boy received an entire outfit. He was very much pleased and proud when he came to show himself off to us.





*A Filipino Santa Claus*

*The J. R. C. of John Quincy Adams School, Washington, D. C., collected 300 toys, filled 100 stockings and gave out baskets of Christmas goodies.*



*Juniors of Carrollton, Ohio, who wrote a sheet of Red Cross songs to familiar tunes which were sung in their school at chapel and music period.*

## ACTIVE MEMBERS



*Members of McKinley School, Great Falls, Montana, gave baskets of Christmas cheer to the needy.*

*The J. R. C. has been active in Virden, Illinois, ever since the war. Here are some of the prize-winning health posters they made last spring as a part of the health program of all the Virden schools.*



OURSELVES  
AMONG



*Newark, New Jersey, Juniors with some of the dolls dressed in their city for poor children.*



*Members of the Junior Red Cross in Tuttle School, Gooding County, Idaho, held a Christmas sale to raise money for their Service Fund.*



*Some of the toys collected and made over by members in Indiana County, Pennsylvania.*



*The J. R. C. of Jansen, Nebraska, sent Christmas boxes to children suffering with tuberculosis.*



*A corner of the toy shop at Conroy School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where Juniors made toys for 1800 boys in kindergartens in the poorer parts of the city.*



*These Juniors of the seventh grade, Beardsley School, Bridgeport, Connecticut, put on red and green hoods and sallied out in a snowstorm to sing Christmas carols*

## Busy Days for Juniors

**T**HE secretary of the J. R. C. of Klukwan, Alaska, writes of their winter activities:

We took wood to a woman who had none in very bad weather. We cleaned the walks from one end of the village to the other twice. All the village people had gone to Juneau to put on an old-time dance. Just we children were here with a few old people. The snow came on for two days. More than two feet fell each day. We did not want the people to come home and have to dig through four feet of snow to get to their homes. So we worked several hours cleaning walks and trails. Our teacher served a good lunch to us each day. All the people were glad to find clean walks when they came home.

We sent Christmas cards to a boy in the Juneau Tuberculosis Hospital.

**O**N page 92 there is a picture of Santa Claus as they visualize him in the Philippines. In Guam, writes the director of education to Pacific Coast Juniors, Santa comes in a cart drawn by a caraboa (water buffalo). He describes Christmas in that warm climate:

One of our bottling works has contributed thirty-eight hundred bottles of Christmas sodas which we are sending out simultaneously with the Junior Red Cross cartons, to add to the Christmas joy of the youngsters. And the local ice plant is furnishing a twenty-five pound piece of ice to each room of the Agana schools to chill these sodas. The police department is bringing in the ironwood trees today. Three of the biggest will be lashed together to make a nice

full Christmas tree on the plaza. Christmas Eve two thousand Agana school children will sing their Christmas carols around that beautiful Christmas tree on the plaza; a lady will sing "Oh Holy Night" accompanied by the band; the junior high school pupils will present their colorful pageant; and old Santa himself will arrive via caraboa cart.

**L**INCOLN School, Jerome, Idaho, recently received a letter from Puerto Rico:

We, the Juniors of the Jose E. Benedicto School of Aguada, Puerto Rico, are sending you an album. We hope you will like it.

Puerto Rico is so delightful at Christmas time! We do not have snow. Instead we have sunny days, green trees, innumerable birds that come from the cold countries to spend Christmas with us, a cool wind that makes us feel so happy, a blue sky with big white clouds like the snow (we think) and, oh, the nights! They are so white with the big round moon that shines in the sky so brightly. We have read that you like Christmas, too, because you enjoy very much snow-balling and other interesting games. About snow we know nothing. Maybe some day, if we go to the United States—we should be glad if we could go.

**J**UNIOR Red Cross members at Pacolet Mill, North Carolina, have been sewing for several months for the children of the unemployed and have made many garments for children who could not have gone to school without them.



THE Pleasant Street School Junior Red Cross of Greenfield, Massachusetts, was feeling very poor about Christmas time. After the members had planned for Christmas favors for veterans in the Northampton Hospital, their Service Fund was about exhausted. However, they read the local newspapers and found a way to make some money. Three prizes were offered for the correct solution to an advertising contest. The Juniors solved the problem, decorated the sheet containing the answer with Christmas seals and sent it to the newspaper. They won the first prize of five dollars.

JUNIORS in the seventh and eighth grades of Samuel Findley School, Akron, Ohio, correspond with fellow members in Twin Falls, Idaho, Junior High School. They write:

We thought you would like to know what our school has done and is doing for Red Cross. At Christmas time we made seven joke books and three Christmas card albums. These were sent to the City Hospital where many people found enjoyment from them. To the Children's Home we sent twenty-five pairs of gloves which helped to keep some boys' and girls' hands warm. We also sent them seventeen scrapbooks, eighteen toys, and twenty-five sacks of candy.

Talk about keeping people warm! The 8-A girls have made a quilt which they gave to a girl in the Children's Hospital. The 7-A girls also made a quilt which was sold for the benefit of the Service Fund. Since school started we have also made many gay lapboards and funny puzzles to help the time to pass away for the sick children.

A DELIGHTFUL Christmas for the birds was described in an album sent from Sigsbee School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, to the Elementary School, Olomouc-Cernovir, Czechoslovakia:

Last Friday morning, we brought cranberries, orange peels, suet, popcorn, grape-



New Orleans, Louisiana, Juniors worked with the senior Chapter to bring Santa Claus to 118 small children. They made the tree ornaments and provided a large number of the gifts

fruit skins, bread, and bird-seed, so that we could trim the birds' Christmas trees. We strung cranberries and popcorn, tied strings to the suet, and made cups of orange and grapefruit skin to put the birdseed in.

After lunch we went to Wilcox Park. We selected a small tree near the creek. We hung the cups on the tree, tied the suet on and wound the strings of popcorn and cranberries on the tree. With the things we had left over we trimmed two more small trees. Then we took some pictures. Later we saw that a lot of the things were gone.

JUNIORS of Finley, North Dakota, last year sent Christmas toys to school children in Divide County, North Dakota, and filled Christmas boxes for others in the parts of the state that were still suffering severely from drought.

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# POP SPINK AND THE MICE HAVE A CHRISTMAS

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

**S**USAN and Nickey were two white mice,  
Who lived on an acre of wheat.  
Their friends were the bumblebees  
fuzzy and nice  
Who fed them on honeycomb sweet.

When the mice were afraid of the rabbits so nimble  
They hid in a hole in a log  
Not very much bigger than mother's gold  
thimble.  
And the rabbits ran by on the jog.



On Christmas they ran all the way to his home.  
(White mice would not show on the snow).  
But the bumblebees stayed in their beds in the  
comb,  
For cold makes them sleepy and slow.

Pop Spink had a home where the mice liked to  
come.  
Oh his corn tassel beard! and peaked hat!  
With pants like George Washington! coat like  
Methusalem!  
And a Japanese sash for cravat!



Soon Susan and Nick from the knot-hole would  
peep.  
Then phone to their friend Mister Spink.  
Mister Spink was most often away or asleep,  
Or deafened from trying to think.

But sometimes he answered the grape-vine  
phone.  
And then he would come to the party.  
He was three times as big as a nice corn-pone.  
And was always too hungry and hearty.

They fed him on honey and wheat-roots and  
pears:  
And asked him the news of the Spinks.  
But he answered with jokes about hollow-tree  
bears.  
And tried to explain his new thinks.



Mister Spink and the mice ate their Christmas  
together  
By his hearth in the cave by the creek.  
It was banked up with sod to keep out the bad  
weather.  
They feasted a day and a week.

Consuming the turkey, plum-pudding, cranberries,  
Popcorn, and bits of green moss.  
And they slept between meals guarded over by  
fairies  
Of whom Santa Claus is the boss.

At the end of the feast not a scrap was in sight.  
But Spink was quite eager to please.  
And he gave "Happy New Year" to them, and  
"Good Night."  
With two fat big pieces of cheese.

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